Nim. I muſt do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet ſheel plod, and ſome ſay kniues haue edges,
And men may ſleepe and haue their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.
Bar. Come y faith, Ile beſtow a breakfaſt to make *Piſtoll*
And thee friendes. What a plague ſhould we carrie kniues
To cut our owne throates.
Nim. Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theres my reſt, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Piſtoll *and Hoſtes Quickly his wife.*

Bar. Godmorrow ancient *Piſtoll.*
Here comes ancient *Piſtoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.
Nim. How do you my Hoſte?
Piſt. Baſe ſlaue, calleſt thou me hoſte?
Now by gads lugges I ſweare, I ſcorne the title,
Nor ſhall my *Nell* keepe lodging.
Hoſt. No by my troath not I,
For we cānot bed nor boord half a ſcore honeſt gētlewomē
That liue honeſtly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought ſtraight we keepe a bawdy-houſe.
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now ſhall
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* ſhew the valour of a man,
And put vp your ſword.
Nim. Puſh.
Piſt. What doſt thou pūſh, thou prickeard cur of Iſeland?
Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would haue you ſolus.
Piſt. Solus egregious dog, that ſolus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which isworſe, within
Thy meſſull mouth, I do retort that ſolus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
And *Piſtolls* flaſhing firy cock is vp.
Nim. I am not *Barbaſom*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Piſtoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Piſtoll*, Ile ſcoure you with my
Rapier

Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,
And theres the humour of it.
Piſt. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.

They drawe.

Bar. Heare me, he that ſtrikes the firſt blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a ſouldier.
Piſt. An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.
Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire (termes,
And theres the humor of it.
Piſt. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Creſides kinde,
Doll Tear-ſheete, ſhe by name, and her eſpowſe
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely ſhe and Paco, there it is inough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hoſtes you muſt come ſtraight to my maiſter,
And you Hoſt *Piſtoll*. Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy noſe betweene the ſheetes, and do the office of a (warming pan.
Hoſt. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one (of theſe dayes.
Ile go to him, husband youle come?
Bar. Come *Piſtoll* be friends.
Nim prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.
Ni. I ſhal haue my eight ſhillings I woon of you at beating?
Piſt. Baſe is the ſlaue that payes.
Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.
Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound. *They draw.*
Bar. He that ſtrikes the firſt blow,
Ile kill him by this ſword.
Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oathes muſt haue their courſe.